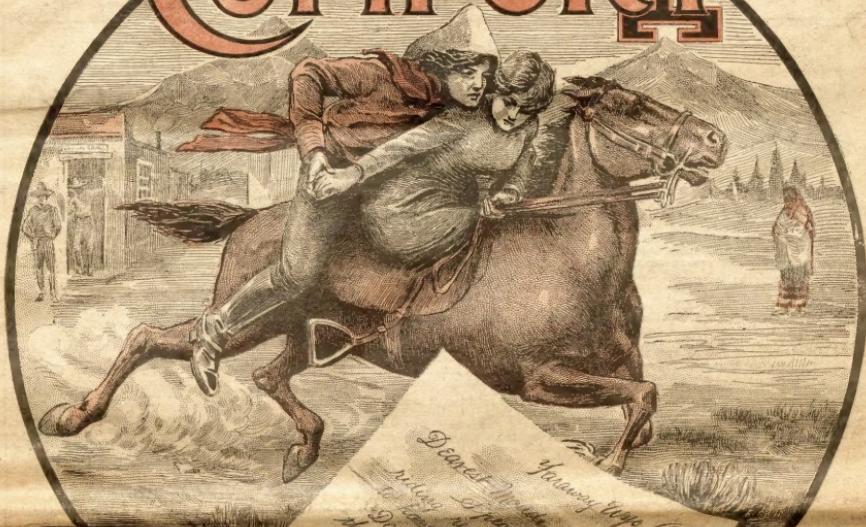


JUNE
Vol.XXVIII

1916
No. 8

COMFORT



We were off like a
young tornado.



My hand was clasped in both
his and I shook like a leaf.

the rest of the year we
are to spend in this our
Casa Alegre

JUNE'S HOUSE of JOY See Story

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See Table of Contents on page 8

COMFORT

EDITORIALS

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN.

Good Roads and Good Schools Essential to the Prosperity of Rural Communities

GOOD roads and good schools usually go together, and wherever they exist you are sure to find a healthy, prosperous, enlightened and progressive community. In the rural sections school attendance and streets and the schools languish if the roads are bad, and a trifling intelligent community is bound to have good schools and will not tolerate bad roads. Travel through the country and see for yourself the well-cultivated farms situated near good commanding people, bright-faced children and neat schoolhouses and churches, too, in the districts and townships which maintain good roads, while in those where the roads are all the year bad and part of the year almost, if not quite, impassable you will find farms, homes, barns, houses of repair, rickety vehicles, used-up engines, despaired, ambitionless people, ragged, ill-fed children and neglected schoolhouses and, probably, no churches.

Quite likely you have heard or read similar statements; for they are true; yet the fact that there are two million miles of bad roads in this country shows that these truths need to be repeated frequently and urgently until the people are aroused to the necessity of mending their ways—improving them, at least, wherever the question is: Are you impressed with the importance of good roads? If you live where there are good roads you know their value, but if your roads are bad you should learn that you and your neighbors cannot successfully compete with people who have the advantage of good roads—not until you have good roads, better than these. No public expenditure brings larger returns to every member of the community than that for the improvement and up-keep of the roads.

Recently published figures show that 48,500,000 country people would be greatly benefited by improved roads; 18,000,000 children now attending school would be helped by good roads, while 11,900,000 children, now wholly or partly deprived of school privilege by bad roads, would be enabled by good roads to attend school.

Besides the mental and moral uplift and the immediate to the schools, the roads, the fact that good roads could give the commercial and financial benefits would be very large, not only in facilitating transportation to and from market and in the saving of the wear and destruction of harnesses, carts and other vehicles and draft animals, but also in the enhanced land and other property values.

It is estimated that good roads throughout the land would result in an annual saving, largely to the nation, of \$60,000,000 in the use of 27,000,000 horses and mules, 4,000,000 vehicles, 2,000,000 bicycles, 200,000 motorcycles and 2,000,000 automobiles; all this saving in the yearly wear, tear and up-keep besides a saving in capital investment of \$70,000,000 because the draft animals could be largely replaced by good roads and no part of them could be dispensed with. The saving in the cost of trucking freight over the roads to and from the railroads would exceed a billion dollars a year, while good roads everywhere would add nearly a billion and a half dollars to the total market value of the farms.

These are large and impressive figures but they are claimed to be conservative estimates by the experts who have made the calculations.

In it surprising, then, that the movement in favor of good roads is nation-wide and growing rapidly? Good roads are already a reality in some districts and states, some of which have been made in many others; some of the State governments are making liberal expenditures for this purpose and Congress has adopted a plan and made an appropriation to help on the good work.

Bad roads are getting to be regarded as a relic of barbarism which blights the prosperity of any community that does not keep pace with the general movement for "good roads everywhere."

The National Highways Association, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., is doing a great and patriotic work in promoting the cause of Good Roads Everywhere. This Association has just announced a prize contest in which

\$2,600.00 in Cash Prizes for Road Photographs are Offered

through the generosity of two of its officers, Charles H. Davis, President, and General Coleman du Pont, Chairman Board of National Councilors. The sum is divided into 168 prizes, first prize \$300.00, second prize \$100.00 each, third prize \$25.00 each, 40 fourth prizes \$15.00 each, 100 fifth prizes \$5.00 each.

The purpose of this prize offer is to secure for the Association a collection of photographs showing the condition of the roads, good or bad, as they actually exist in the various sections of the United States. So the best roads do not necessarily carry the merit, but good photos showing characteristic conditions of bad roads may win. It is also desired that the contestants take a general interest in the objects of the Association, add strength to its membership and help it to prosecute its work for "Good Roads Everywhere."

For the purpose of awarding the prizes Theodore Roosevelt, Mark Sullivan and Ida M. Tarbell will judge the photographs, considering first their merit in showing road conditions (good or bad); second, pictorial interest; third, photographic execution. The contest will now open, and on usual terms, to every man, woman and child in the United States and close at noon, November 7, 1916. It costs nothing to enter, but photographs will not be returned. The photos must be of some road in the United States, and must be in black and white, full name and address on the back. There is no limitation as to the kind of photograph, size, when taken or by whom. A contestant may submit any number of photos, any one or all of which may receive a prize. Address "Good Roads Everywhere" Photograph Contest, National Highways Association, Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for circular giving full details of contest, instructions and other information.

We hope that as many COMFORT readers as possible will enter the contest for the prizes offered by these public spirited men, under the auspices of this patriotic Association; and we wish you success in winning prizes; but win or not, there is nothing risked, nothing to lose but the photo or photos you send, and you will have the satisfaction of contributing these in aid of a good cause and for the promotion of a great work.

Our Mexican Imbroglia Sadly Bungled Drifts from Bad to Worse

If you lived in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico or California, near the Mexican border, you would be deeply interested in the Mexican preparations for defense. The continual presence of hostile Mexican forces in your vicinity and the justifiable fear each night of being murdered by them before morning would convince you that we need a larger and better equipped army to insure our safety. The Mexican government, in bands of armed cutthroats, would demand a firm foreign policy to command respect for our national rights; you would condemn the weakness of our government in neglecting and refusing to employ all its available military forces to protect our country from threatened and repeated forays by rapacious foreign invaders.

The horrible object lesson of murder, rape and pillage of our peaceable citizens before your eyes or personally near you would doubtless bring you to the fatal folly of relying on unpreparedness, friendly overtures and ignominious submission to outrage after outrage as a means of avoiding trouble.

General Villa's raid on Columbus, New Mexico, on March eighth, was invited and his escape made possible by our government's policy of non-resistance and neglect to guard the border. Mexican troops were supposed to be as numerous as ours, but were inferior in quality and numbers. Then Carranza, the pretended ruler of Mexico though actually in control of only a small part of it, demanded that our troops be recalled, and our government immediately ordered the expedition to be disbanded. Then came an exchange of notes between a committee of the representatives of our government and Carranza, the latter claiming that he could, and promising that he would speedily catch and punish Villa and meanwhile prevent any further Mexican raids on American soil.

On May fifth, while this conference was in progress, a body of Villa troopers, variously estimated at 75 to 300 strong, crossed the border, penetrated fifteen miles into Texas and reached the little town of Glen Springs where they attacked a cavalry post of eight men commanded by Major George S. Sargent. The Mexicans were driven off, but Sargent was mortally wounded and died the next day. Three of his men were killed and two badly wounded. The Mexicans continued their raid to the Texas towns of Deemers and Boquillas. They also murdered three citizens, one man and two small boys, and carried off two women, probably to eat them. They then released their captives. The next day these raiders retired to Mexico and made good their escape—all because our government wastes time and opportunity in parleying with one treacherous, barbarous and irresponsible brigand chief after another, instead of taking adequate defensive measures.

Immediately on news of the Glen Springs raid reaching Washington, 5,000 more U. S. regulars were sent to the Mexican frontier and the militia of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, about 4,000 in all, were called out by the President because the regular army is not large enough to protect our southern border. Why was this done before? The necessity for it was evident enough. The Mexican situation is threatening and dangerous because it has been so handled at Washington. The only way to handle it successfully, to prevent drifting into a general war with Mexico, is to have force enough on the border to stop the raids and punish the raiders, and do it quickly, even if all our militia has to be called out to do it.

Automobile Prices Touch Bottom

THE enormous annual increase in the output of automobiles has enabled the makers of the popular cars to lower their prices year by year and at the same time continually improve their machines. The auto has been shining exception to the prevailing rule of advancing prices. In the early part of the year, at the beginning of the present season, the prices of some makes were lowered while others were quoted the same as last year. But the cost of all materials has risen so much during the past year that very little profit can be made on the popular makes of autos at present prices. It is a foregone conclusion that the public will have to pay for autos in the near future; in fact some makers have been obliged to raise their prices since the season opened and others are likely to do likewise at any time. It would seem the prudent thing to place your order at once if you intend buying an automobile.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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NATIONAL BABY WEEK

By Edna Mary Colman

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LO, his majesty, the Baby, has come into his own. He is enthroned with pomp and state and his coronation ceremonies began the first week in March and will continue in week long periods all through the spring, in hundreds of cities and towns throughout the land. For Uncle Sam has taken to the road and is campaigning for the Baby and his rights.

Wise old Patriarch that he is, he knows that the first and most important step in national preparation is to conserve the babies of the nation, and until this Baby Week Campaign was fairly well launched, no one, least of all devout parents, could realize how badly the American Baby stood in need of conservation.

Medical experts and statisticians justify us with the appalling fact that at the present time the most hazardous place in the world is that of being a newspaper reporter! No other vocation carries such a heavy death toll.

DR. WILEY'S PURE FOOD BABY.
Price 15c.

That this beautiful world is not a safe place for the baby to live in is due to the fact that

many of the most devoted and conscientious parents have now the knowledge necessary to carry the little one through the pitfalls and dangers of his infancy, which are not likely to be avoided unless the young life is regulated according to the best scientific and medical knowledge of our age. No thinking person can doubt this who notes the awful infant death-rate which

who notes that awful infant death rate, which has been swept 2,500,000 Americans back to the grave.

Uncle Sam, therefore, has had the experts of the United States Children's Bureau, at Washington, engaged in collecting, testing, and classifying medical and surgical, scientific and statistical data, for many long weeks, just to launch a country-wide educational campaign to teach the nation how to get the practical, useful and correct knowledge, gleaned from the highest authorities, to promote the welfare of its offspring, the Baby, and preserve him intact.

And for this work, the churches, clubs,

And for a whole week, the churches, cios, schools, hospitals, charitable organizations, stores, and patriotic societies abandon all other interests to do homage to the Baby. Sermons, addresses, lectures, moving pictures, conferences, exhibits, clinics and baby shows all focus their energies upon master Baby. His status as citizen

his health, his home, his clothing, his toys, his food, his outings, his pets and playthings, his habits, his education, his surroundings in fact all the relations of his life. The findings are made in lengthy discourse and exhaustive investigations. When Baby Week is over no mother in any community that has taken an interest in the movement can afford to use any information and assistance furnished by the government, she is educated and tutored, immigrant or native, young or middle aged, rich or poor can find no excuse for lack of knowledge in her rights in the matters of proper treatment and care.

with the prenatal period and going on down through the infancy, toddling, teething stages to the first words, first steps, first dressings and forth. Nowhere in her first little treatise is any and most painstakingly covered in a group of splendid government bulletins free to any mother who wants them, the care of the infant under the careful supervision of some of the most noted physicians of our time and every tiny detail is so thoroughly and clearly explained that the plainest, dullest, most ignorant, untrained girl mother could ably

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care for her baby with these for guidance alone, did she but read them carefully and follow them implicitly.

Uncle Sam's program for the Baby Week Campaign plans to reach every mother in the country from the most congested cities to the remotest rural districts, and to this end the Children's Bureau and the General Federation of Women's



BABY'S REFRIGERATOR—HOME-MADE

simplest, most inexpensive tools so as to come into the reach of the most humble purse and to enable every man to have his own. Dr. Sam claims that the baby is entitled to the best medical care and that the best medical care is frequently accomplished by a greater array of good sense and care than of money. Of course, there are times when expert skill, science and chivalry, in the heart of the baby's mother, are required to save the life of the infant at all times.

The question of prime importance to the home where there is a baby, is for a home-made ice box. This is a simple affair which can be made out of twenty-four hours and which can be used for a week or more without any trouble. Obtain a wooden box about eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide and eight inches high, just three inches thick. In the bottom of the box, lay a layer of straw, then a layer of sand, then a pall or a section of ten-inch galvanized pipe which is placed in the middle of the box. Next, lay a layer of straw over the pipe, then a pall which is to hold the ice and the bottles. The inner part of the box is to be covered with a thin paper closed by a wooden cover fastened with several thick pins. This box will keep the ice from melting out even morning and cleaned, this little box will keep the ice from melting out even for twenty-four hours and even longer. When the ice has melted, the water may be poured out, the bottle taken out and the box quickly closed.

It is well to remember that when a doctor should be consulted as to the best method of preparing certain articles, yet these are valuable to know. It is generally agreed that the best way to keep the baby cool is to heat it to about 105 degrees Fahrenheit for the first two days after birth. After this time, the body should always be kept in a cool condition. The temperature of the room should always be kept cool, but not too cool.

Many Varieties

There are many varieties of National Biscuit Company products. You should try Uneeda Biscuit, Social Tea Biscuit, N.B.C. Graham Crackers, Zu Zu Ginger Snaps, Baronet Biscuit, Cheese Sandwich. These are some of the best-known varieties.



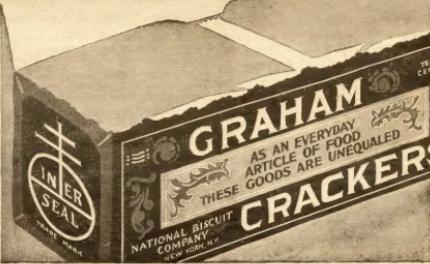
Uniform Goodness

All varieties—whether known as crackers or cookies, wafers or snaps—are equally good. Ceaseless care and newest methods make each variety the best of its kind.



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ucts you want. The nearest grocery
store has them—fresh and crisp and whole-
some. Look for the famous In-er-seal
Trade Mark on every package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Cubby Bear's Temptation

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CUBBY BEAR, with his hair nicely brushed and wearing his best collar and tie, had been making calls one pleasant morning in early summer, and was on his way home. He was walking for exercise, and thought himself well. The ground was warm and soft under his paws, and the air was full of sweet, woody smells.

With a jump he leaped to the stump with a hollow place in the top, which stood by the white double birch tree, he stopped, for there, in the hollow, was a tiny jar. "What can it be?" he thought. "I wonder what it can be!" thought Cubby Bear, "and who can have left it here?"

He sat down on the cover, and covered. The jar held something dark and sticky. Cubby Bear wrinkled his little black nose, sniffing at it, but did not know what it was. Then he tried tiny taste. It was not like medicine he had ever tasted before—sweet and thick, with a spicy balsam-like taste. It made him think of spring breezes, blooming flowers, and the sun.

"I like it," he said, "but it is not mine."

So he screwed on the cover, and after putting the jar back in the top of the stump again, started on his way home.

He walked a little way, and then stood still.

"Someone must have lost that little jar. I'll take it, the next one that finds it will. I think it is medicine."

So he took the little jar under his arm, and trudged along.

"I like it," he said, "it will smell again, and perhaps take out a tiny, tiny taste."

When he reached home, he stood the jar behind his little bed, out of sight. Mamma Bruin came in, carrying with her Dr. Squilly Porcupine. Squilly was looking important and happy with every quill standing out straight.

"Dr. Squilly," said Cubby Bear to Mamma Bruin, "oh yes, it is the best medicine I have ever made. The very best! I have put a jar of it in the hollow of the birch tree, just for you, Dr. Squilly, for Betty Badger to take when she goes to her home at the edge of the West Forest today."

The little Badgers are sick now, what should we do? It is such a fine weather I do not know. I told Betty I would leave it there for her if I got it done in time. If not, she was to come to my house."

"Betty Badger?" thought Cubby Bear. "Why, I met her when I was coming home. So the little jar must be in the hollow of the birch tree, too! She must have gone a long way by this time. She can get it just as well tomorrow, and in the morning I can put it back in the storm."

He took the little jar, and holding it carefully behind his back, he crept up to the door. Mamma Bruin was telling Mamma Bear about the new medicine.

The bear heard Squilly say "It will hurt no one." And it failed to give any evidence when it takes it will want more."

"Yes," Cubby thought, "it is again! I will taste it again, and again, until I get it right. I think perhaps I am sick. I didn't feel VERY well yesterday.... So he took a little taste."

"Squilly, I will give you BETTERHAPS when Betty Badger comes back tomorrow, she will go to Squilly and he will give her another

jar. I am sure he has a great deal of it. And I think—yes, I am quite sure—that my throat is a little bit sore. I think it is growing worse. Perhaps I shall keep the jar and say nothing."

When Mamma Bruin called Cubby Bear to dinner, he went into the house, but somehow did not want to eat. This was strange, but what was stranger, he did not want to look at mamma

some other place. How disappointed she must have been! Now she would have to come all the way back tomorrow, leaving the sick little Badgers alone.

She wondered if they were very sick. Would they grow worse? Would they—oh, no, it could not be as bad as that. But tomorrow, when Betty Badger went to Dr.

By Lena B. Ellingwood

quickly to the back of the house, where he had hidden the little jar.

But would it be enough, just to put it in the stamp? Someone else might find it and take it. That way, the little Badgers needed it—they might be dead by the time Betty Badger found it.

If he went to Betty Badger's house with it, how long would it take him? If he walked very fast, he could get there in time. If he ran, any rate, he must try. There was nothing else he could do. If he were to be a good little bear, and guard the jar.

Mamma Bruin had gone out, he did not know where. Well, he could not wait to find her. Afterward, when she knew all about it, she would be angry.

So he started for the West Forest, walking very fast. He knew the way, having been there before. As he walked, he saw the sun set. He walked. The little jar grew heavier and heavier. Cubby Bear grew tired, but kept bravely on, putting one foot in front of the other. At last, he came to the edge of the West Forest.

Little Chickadee Chirruppe was swinging happily on a pine bough, and sang: "How do you little strawberries taste?"

"Oh, no," answered Cubby. "I am looking for Betty Badger's house. Can you tell me, please?"

"Oh, yes," chirruped the little bird: "flap your wings five times, and this will bring you to a big, round house just up the hill. That is Betty Badger's house. Oh, you have no wings to flap! Well, then, just walk a little way ahead, and you will find the house."

Cubby Bear thanked her, and soon found the place. The door of the house was open, and sitting on the porch was Dr. Squilly Porcupine all alone.

"Betty Badger, Betty Badger!" he called, and then, seeing her, her reply, "Here is the jar of medicine, Dr. Squilly Porcupine left for you."

Then he set it down in the doorway, and hurried away without giving Betty time to ask any questions.

It was a long way home, for a tired little bear, but he did not tire. One thing more he must do tell Mamma Bruin all about it.

Shadows grew long, the bright sun went down over the hills. Cubby Bear was very tired when he arrived home. Mamma Bruin was looking for him, with a worried pucker between her eyes.

"Cubby Bear, it is a long, my little Cubby Bear," she said. "You must not worry me like this."

"Tell you all about it," said Cubby. "It is a long story, and I am afraid you will not love me so much when you know how near I came to being a bad bear."

When he had finished his story, Mamma Bruin sat thinking a while before she spoke. "I am sorry you got into trouble, but it is very good lesson this day, one that you must remember always. Can you tell me what it is?"

"It is that it is not safe to think how you would like to do a wrong thing when you are tempted. You must go straight away from it. And when you are strong, you can do all you can to undo it, for you can never, never be happy while the badness is in your heart."



HOLDING THE LITTLE JAR CAREFULLY BEHIND HIM CUBBY BEAR SLIPPED QUIETLY OUT OF THE DOOR.

Bruin was telling him all that Squilly Porcupine had said to her, and did not notice Cubby Bear's downstairs looks. Cubby did not sleep well. He went and sat on the doorstep, thinking. His thoughts were not pleasant ones, now, as they had been in the morning.

He was thinking of Betty Badger, going to little Badger's house to give him the jar of medicine. Mamma Bruin's little Cubby Bear! What he had meant to do really stealing?

"I will put it back!" he decided, and went all around, wondering if Squilly had left it in

CONTENTS

Page

Editorial	2
Steam Pressure Canning on the Farm	Grace Dillingham
The Little Margot	Mrs. George Shadley
Comfort Sisters' Corner	5
Comfort Sisters' Recipes	5
Love and Sympathy (continued)	Adelaide Shirling
National Baby Week	Katherine May Colman
Cubby Bear's Temptation	Lena B. Ellingwood
Crumbs of Comfort	8
Comfort League of Cousins	Uncle Charlie
Modern Farmer	9
Pretty Girls' Club	Katherine Booth
Heat Protection	Dr. A. M. Hughes
In and Around the House	Mrs. Wheeler Wilkins
A Butterfly Farm	C. L. Chapman
A Factory That Employs Spiders	14
A Strange Story of Robert E. Lee	14
Postage Farming for Women	Mrs. Kate V. Moore
Home Dressmaking Hints	Grace Dillingham
June's House of Joy	Violet Knapp
Talks with Girls	17
The Cactus	G. B. Irvine
Veterinary Information	19
Manners and Looks	20
Information Bureau	21
Family Doctor	22
Conseft Gives Away an Automobile and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash and Other Prizes	22
13 Wheel Chairs in May	23
Hens Lawyer	23

July Comfort

will greet you with a wonderful front cover design by Harrison Cady, an elaborate picture story of the funniest lot of 4th of July pranks, tricks and practical jokes imaginable. You will wonder how this talented artist ever thought and wrought such a wealth of ludicrous detail.

Some Special Features for July

"Magic Stars"

A thrilling California romance tells of countering a small teacher school under difficulties and of her love for her lover from a host of infurited Japs.

"Suggestions for Cake Making"

Explains how to make good cake by rules that never fail of satisfactory results, avoid disappointment and save waste of time and material.

"Practical Cure for Obesity"

Dr. Hirschberg describes an effective treatment for reducing excessive flesh which is both nutritious and an indication of ill health.

"Lost and Found"

An amusing and pretty leap-year love story that ends with a happy ending, and a good excuse to meet without his suspecting that she is doing the courting.

Special, Low Rate for June Renewals

As an inducement to renew your subscription promptly this month we offer the special, low rate of 30 cents for a 2-year renewal. If you want the *Comfort Home Album* send 10 cents extra, 40 cents in all for your 2-year renewal and the *Album*.

If the number over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes is 333, or any less number, it means that your subscription should be renewed at once. Send your renewal today, if you don't want to miss *JULY COMFORT*. Use the coupon below.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Never is a long day. East or West, home is best. No one is more to be envied than the lonely. Nobody can go to heaven alone. Success makes a fool seem wise. The noblest revenge is to forgive. Success is not always a blessing. A mischievous cur must be shut off. Whenever we meet misery we pity. The few who are kind and generous, and patient, are the real that destroys all virtues. God and conscience witness every action. Good is the best revenge. An empty vase fills the face with wrinkles. Inquiry saves people from making mistakes. There is no such thing as a bad conscience. A day of sorrow is longer than a month of joy. The first rule for speaking well is to think well. Better an upright tongue than a false chin. Influence is a dangerous weapon, a sharp as a sword. Be cautious in prosperity, and patient in adversity. Some preachers never listen to their own sermons. The world is full of people who are not the people. Wolves may lose their teeth, but not their nature. Two people may keep a secret if one will die. "The secret of success is to know that you are not successful." It is a great shame to happiness to expect too much. How to know with despise is to possess it. Money does not buy happiness, but it can buy a smile. To sorrow overmuch for the dead is to afflict the living. Today is the pearl of yesterday, the teacher of tomorrow. Friends are the salt of life. Friends are the sun. Keep your tongue a prisoner and your body will go free. A tender wistful look at a puppy's eyes are enough to melt the hardest heart. Keep your eyes wide open before marriage and half shut those who have much sleep as easily as those who have little. If there were no books in the world there would be no knowledge. The most truthful people sometimes do not like to hear the truth. Nature teaches us to love our friends; religion to love our enemies. Never open your door to a little vice lest a large one enter it. A constant companion is a constant and ought to be a constant prayer. To enjoy reading is to transform wearisome hours into delightful ones. Some people will say anything but their prayers, and others will say nothing but their prayers. Cold natures have only recollections; tender natures have remembrances.

Overland
TRADE MARK REG.

1,000 Cars a Day Not Enough

To completely realize that ideal which the public has yearned for—which producers have long striven to attain—

That was the definite purpose behind the \$615 Overland.

A small car with comfortable, roomy seats, that would ride as easily as a big one.

A small car with "big looks," that a man could buy and yet keep on speaking terms with both his pride and his pocket-book—

A small, light car that would reach a new low level of operating and upkeep expense—

That has been the ideal.

That was the definite need which the \$615 Overland supplies with definite finality.

But a luxurious, small car—like most ideals—was difficult of attainment.

And to attain it and still keep the price lower than any other complete automobile has ever been sold for, meant quantity production on a scale never before attempted in cars of this class.

We increased our capacity to 1,000 cars a day—more than double any previous output of cars of this class.

And the result is this comfortable small car, beautiful and complete for \$615.

Never before has any complete automobile been sold at anywhere near so low a price.

And never before has any small, light, economical car been anywhere near so comfortable or so beautiful.

But so completely have we realized a popular ideal that 1,000 cars a day is not going to supply the demand.

If you order yours today it will not be a day too soon to avoid delay.

See the Overland dealer at once.

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